-E.C
c4622

DEATH

AND

BURIAL

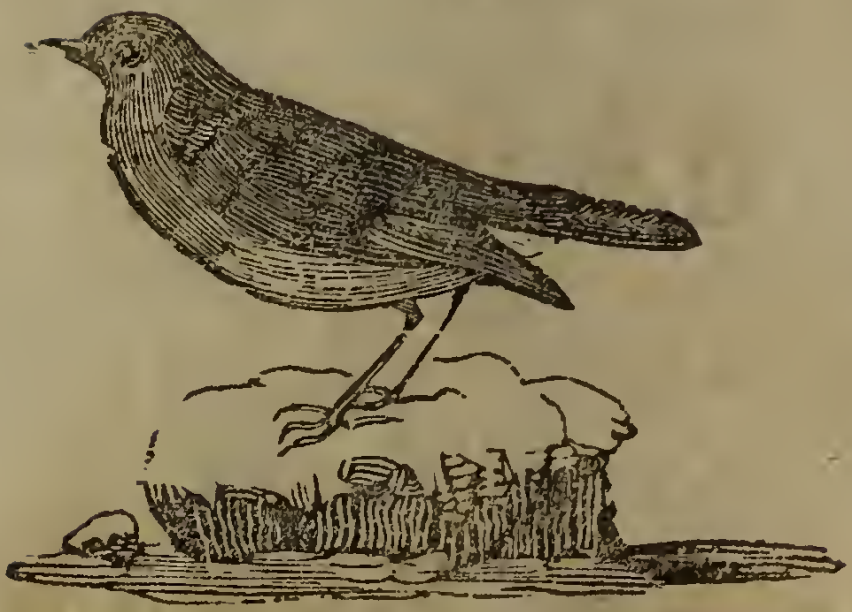
OF

COCK ROBIN.

BANBURY,

Printed by J. G. Rusher.

Poor Cock Robin.



Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree;
He sang merrily,
As merrily could be.

He nodded with his head,
And his tail waggled he,
As little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree.

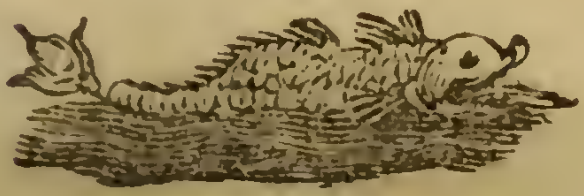
Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow

Who saw him die?
I, said the Magpie,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

This is the Pie
That saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.



The swimming Fish,
Did hold the dish.

Who made his shroud ?
I, said the Eagle,
With my thread and needle,
I made his shroud.

This is the Eagle,
That used thread and needle.

Who'll dig his grave?
The Owl, without aid,
But mattock and spade,
Did dig Robin's grave.

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson ?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

Here's parson Rook,
Reading his book.

Who'll be the clerk ?
I, said the Lark,
If not in the dark,
Then I will be clerk.

Behold, how the Lark
Says amen, like a clerk.

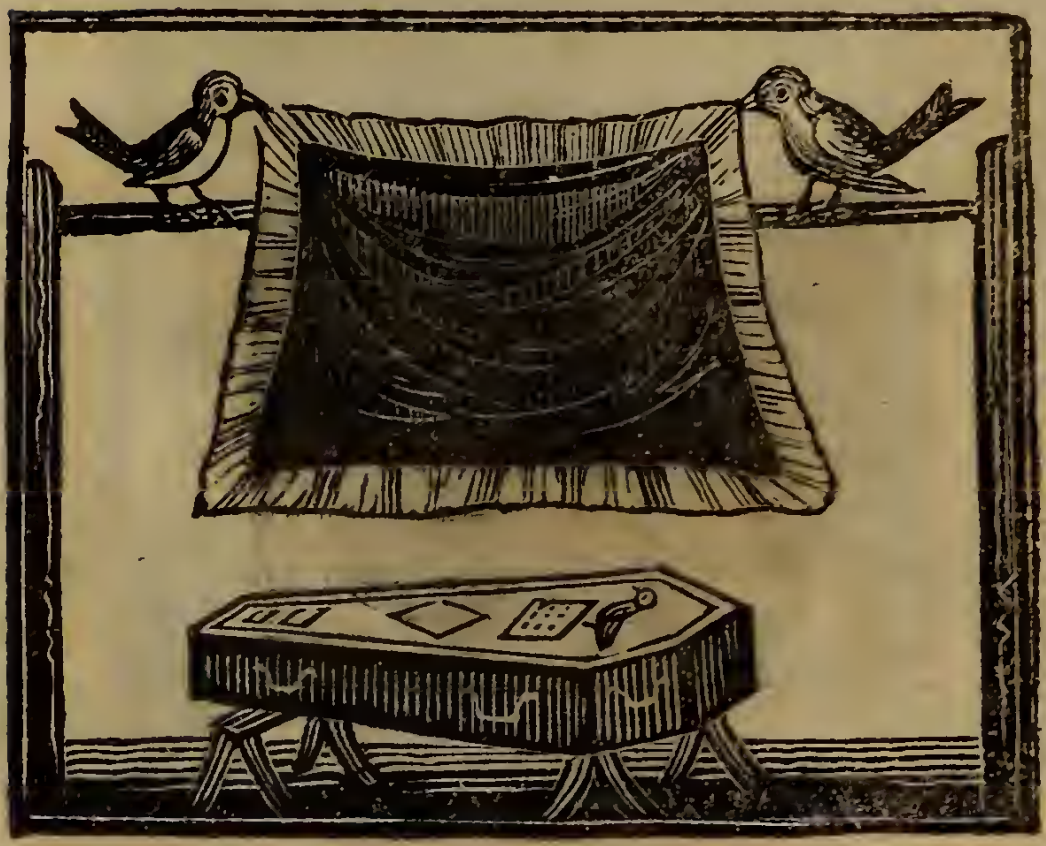
Who'll carry him to the grave
I, said the Kite,
If not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

Behold the Kite
Now takes his flight.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Swan,
I am sorry he's gone,
And I'll be chief mourner.

Behold the gay Swan,
Lamenting he's gone.

Who'll bear his pall ?
We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
And we'll bear the pall.



Here are the Wrens, so small,
That bore Cock Robin's pall.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
And I'll toll the bell.

The Bull tolls the bell:—
At requiem knell,
Sang sweet Philomel.

Who'll lead the way ?
I, said the Martin,
When ready for starting,
And I'll lead the way.

See here's the Martin,
Ready for starting.

All the birds in the air
Began sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

To all it concerns,
This notice apprises,
The Sparrow's for trial
At next bird assizes.

Ride on a horse,
To Banbury Cross,
To Cock Robin's grave,
On a galloping horse.